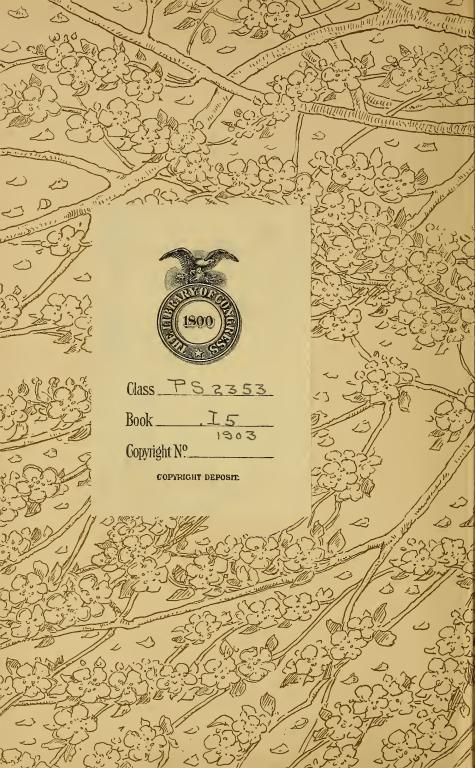
ARCADY

BY

HAMILTONWRIGHTMABIE















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MY STUDY FIRE, SECOND SERIES
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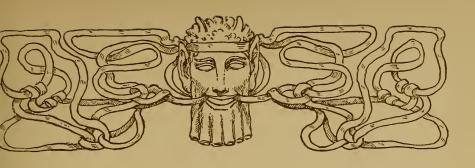




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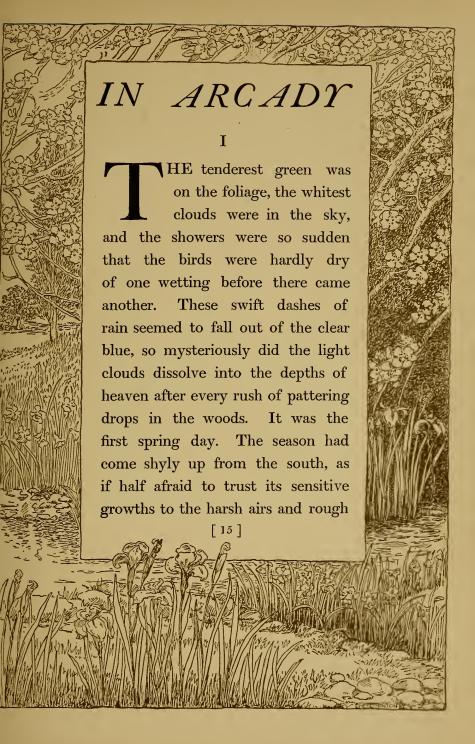


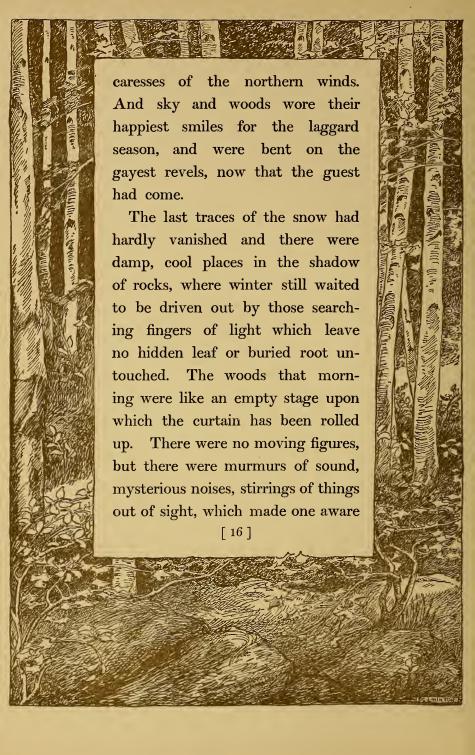


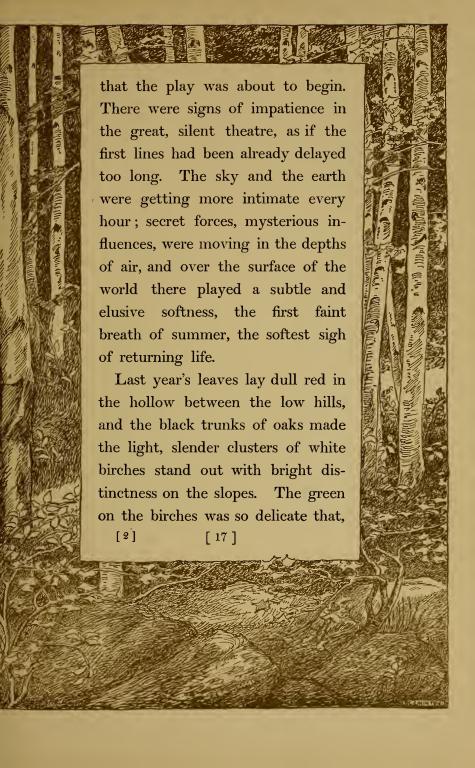
THE PIPES OF THE FAUN

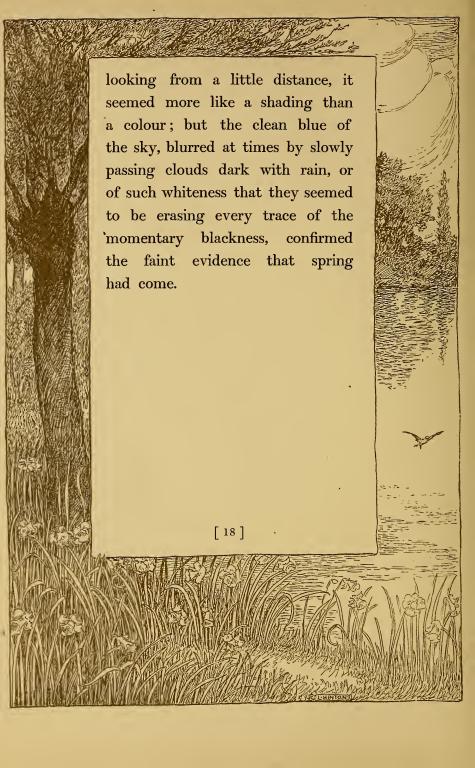
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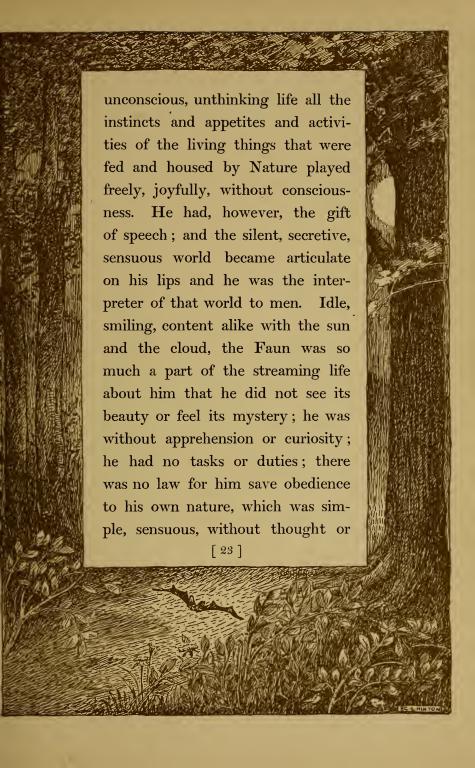
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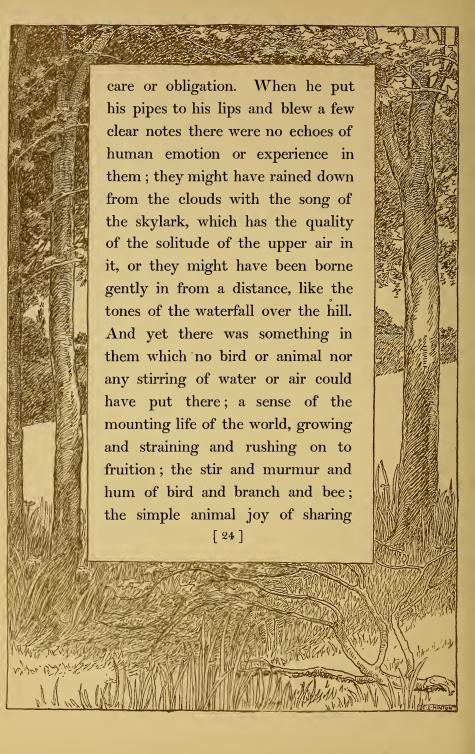
O, at least, thought the Faun, sitting at ease with his back against an oak, his pipe in his hand and his eye wandering curiously through the open spaces of the wood. So entirely at home was he that solitude or society was alike to him, and the speech of men or of animals equally plain. There were hints of wildness about him: for he was brother to the folk in fur and feather that lived in the wood, although the light in his eye and the pipe in his hand showed that he had travelled far from the old instincts without having lost them. There were hints of human fellowship in his air of seeing the

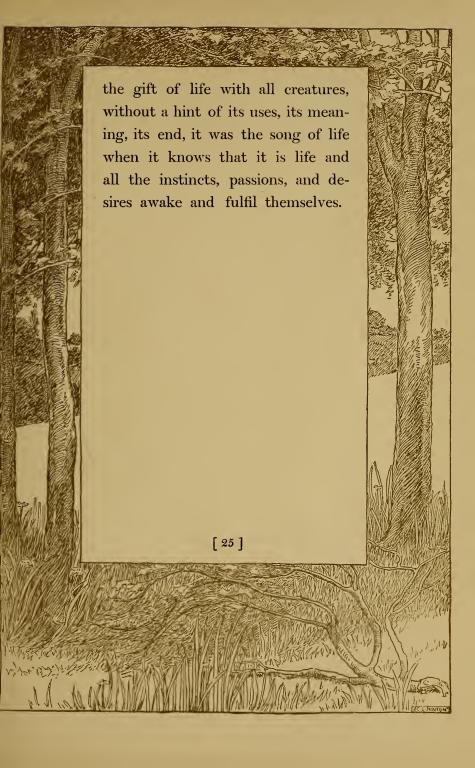
[21]

world as well as being a part of it; although the absence of all thought about himself, all questioning of the sky and earth, made one aware that if he held converse with men he talked also with the creatures that slept in the fields and hid in the woods.

He was stretched at ease in a world about which he had never taken thought, being born into it after the manner of the creatures that live in free and joyous use of the things of Nature without any thought of Nature herself. In him, however, the instinctive joy in life had become articulate; he spake for the strange and wild instincts of his kind, although he could not speak of them. In his careless,











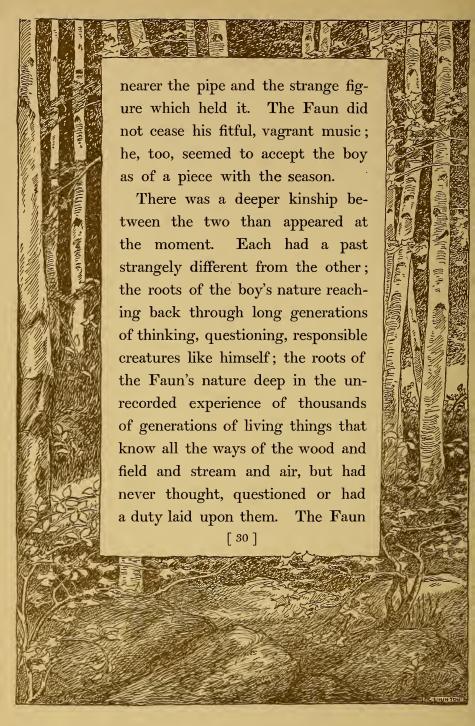
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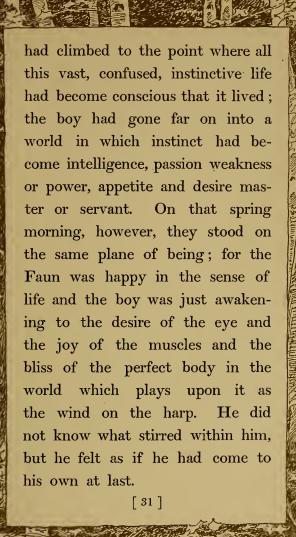


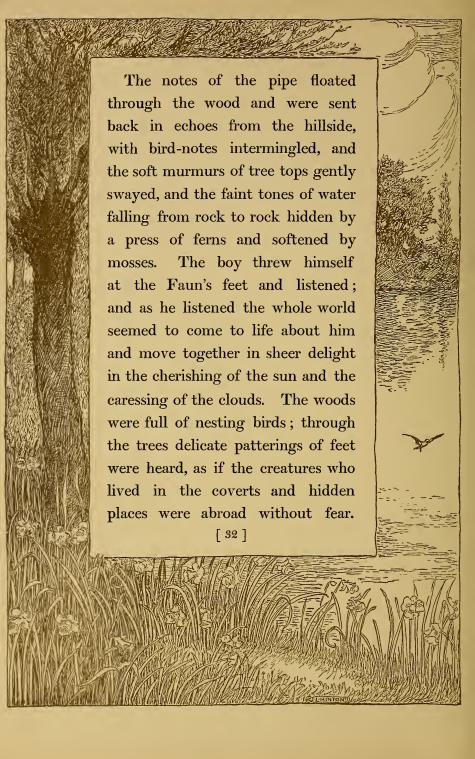
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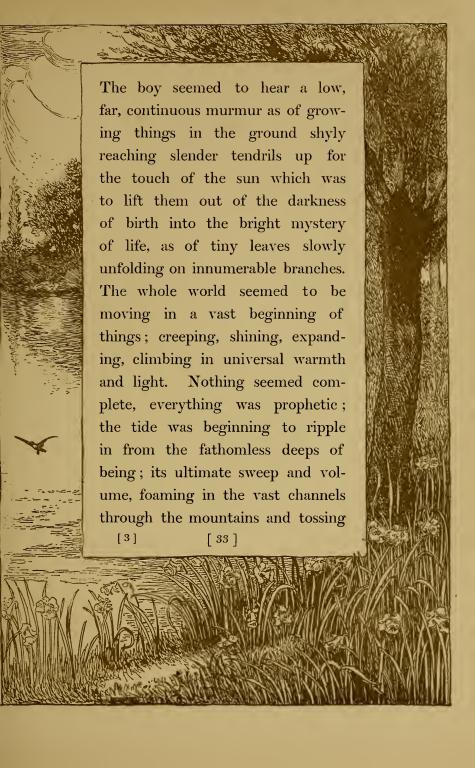
HESE notes, clear, solitary, penetrating, came like an invitation to the boy who had entered the wood without thought or care or desire, save to feel the warmth of the sun and to take what the day offered him. He had never heard such sounds before, but they seemed so much a part of the place and the time that he accepted them as if they were human speech. The Faun himself, visible now through the light growth of the birch trees, brought no surprise; he, too, belonged to the hour and the scene. Instead of shyness a sense of fellowship grew on the boy as he came

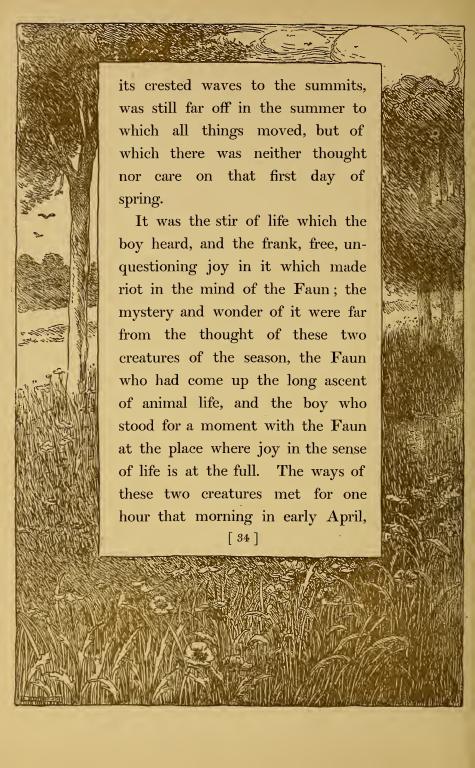
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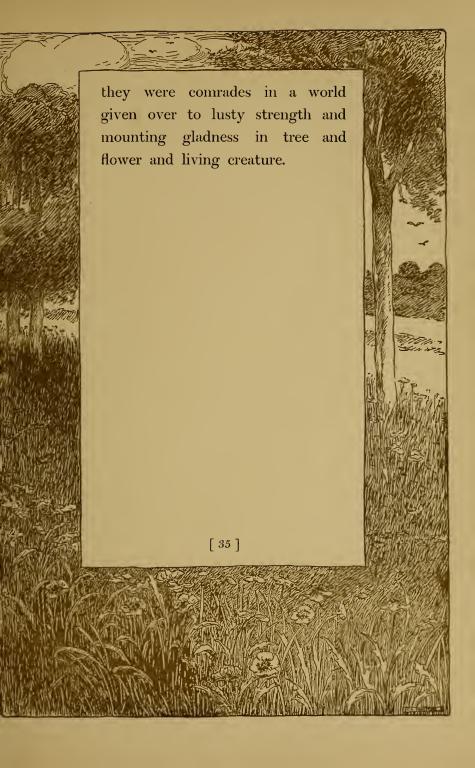
















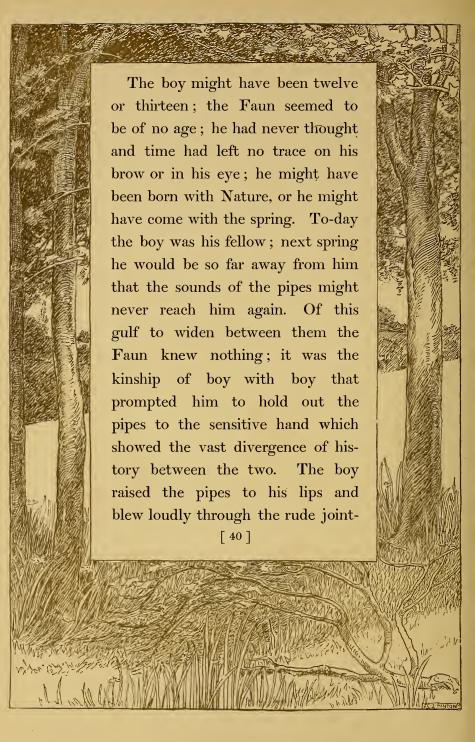
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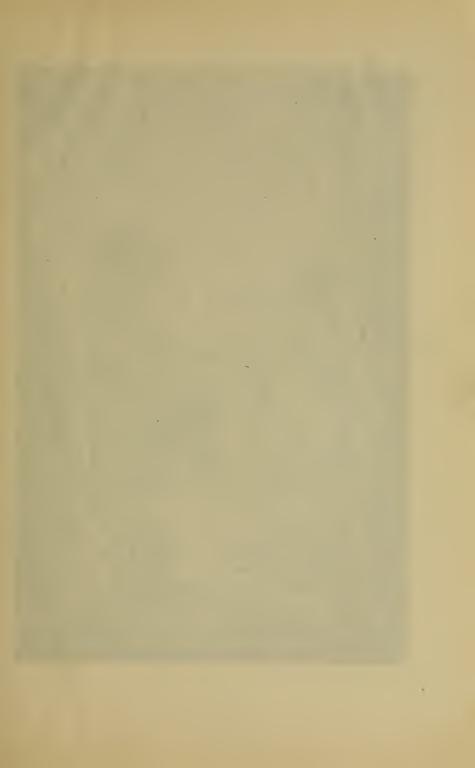


IV

\O the merry piping of the Faun the boy laughed gleefully; here was the wild playmate who could take him deeper into the woods than he had ever ventured and show him the shy creatures who were always eluding his eager search. And the Faun, who was nearer his brothers of the wood than his brothers of the thatched roof and the vine trained against the wall, saw in the boy a fellow of his own mind; to whom the wind was a challenge to kindred fleetness and the notes of the birds floating down the mountain side invitations to adventure and action.

[39]

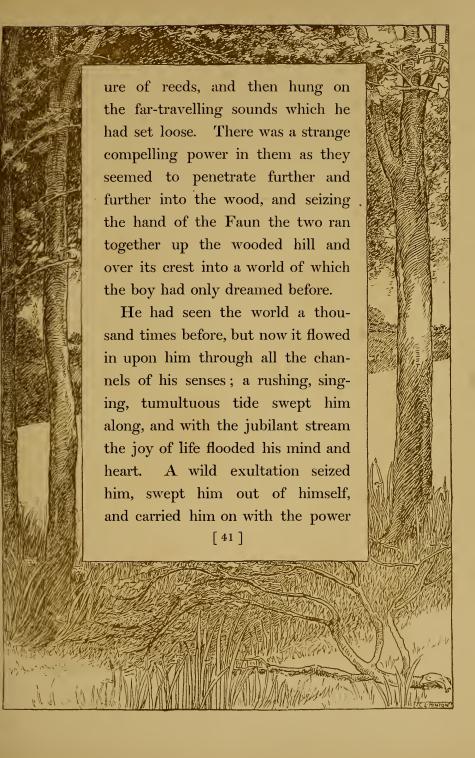


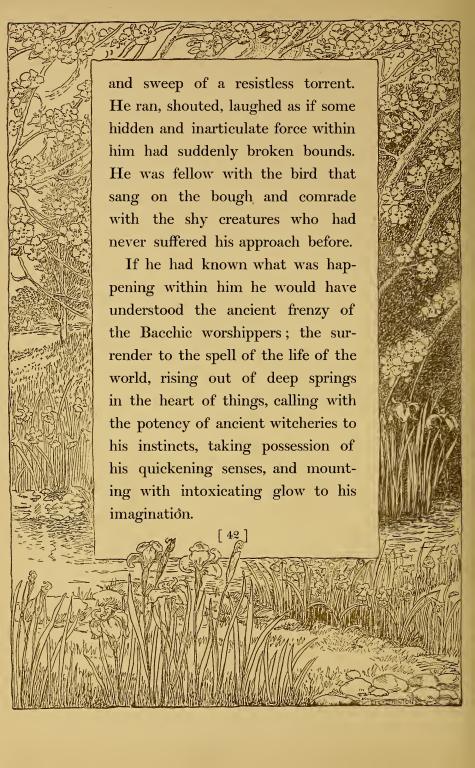


"The boy raised the pipes to his lips"





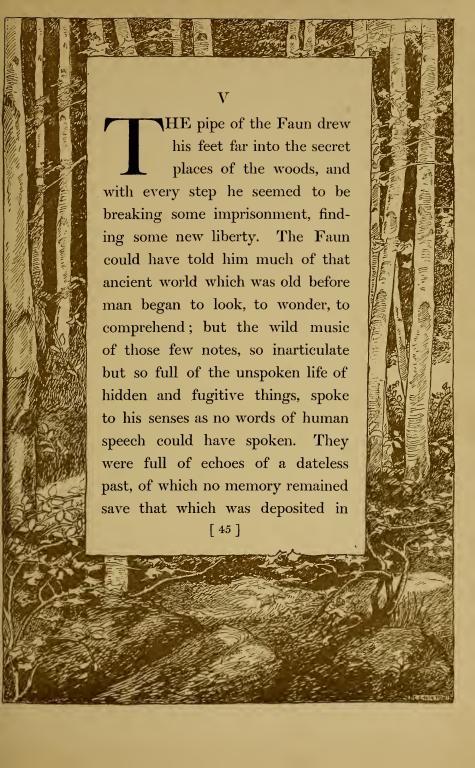


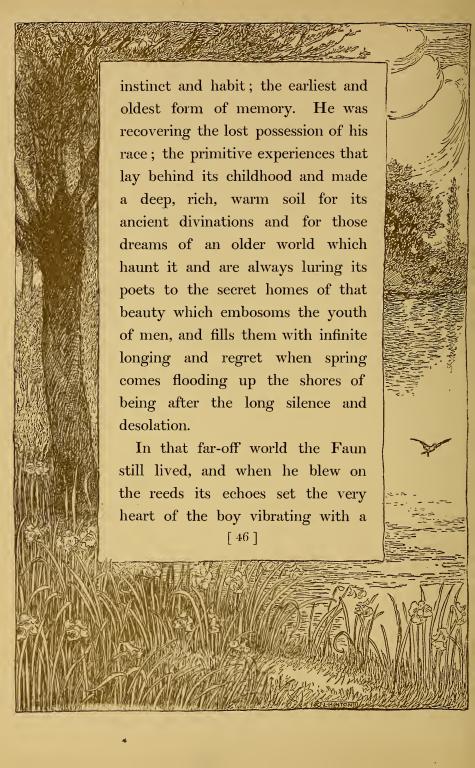


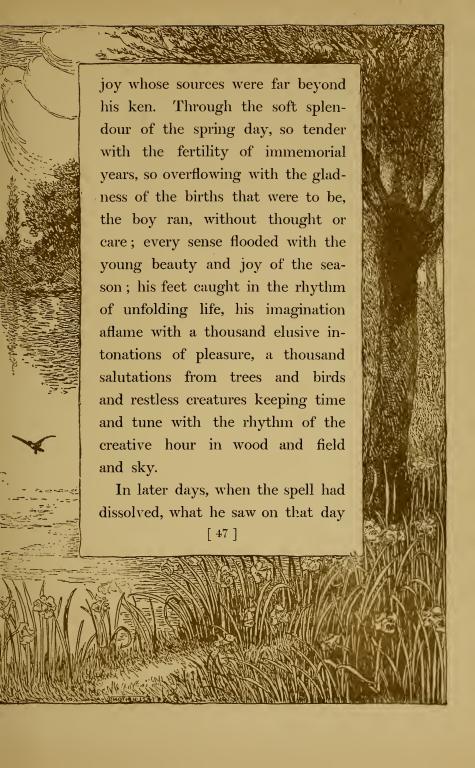


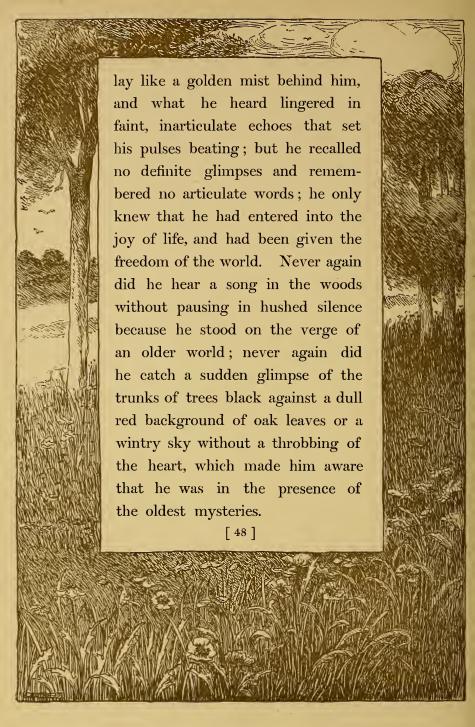
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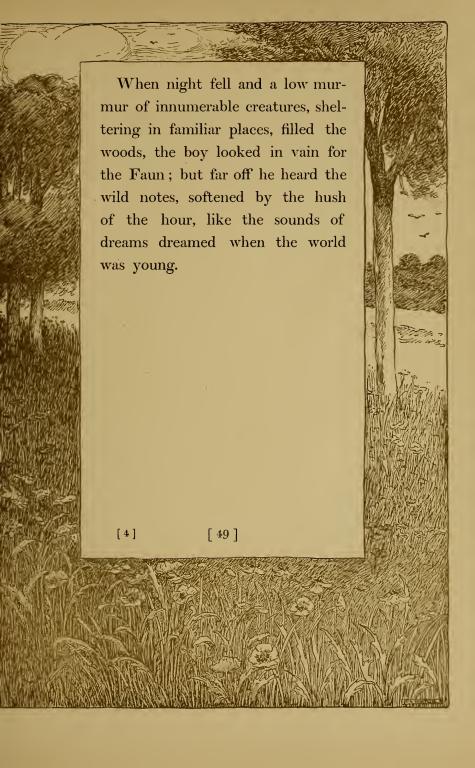




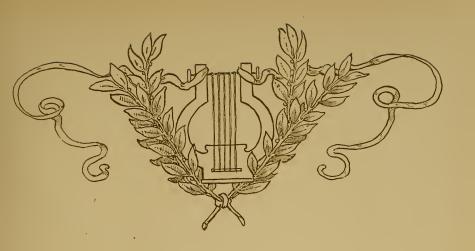












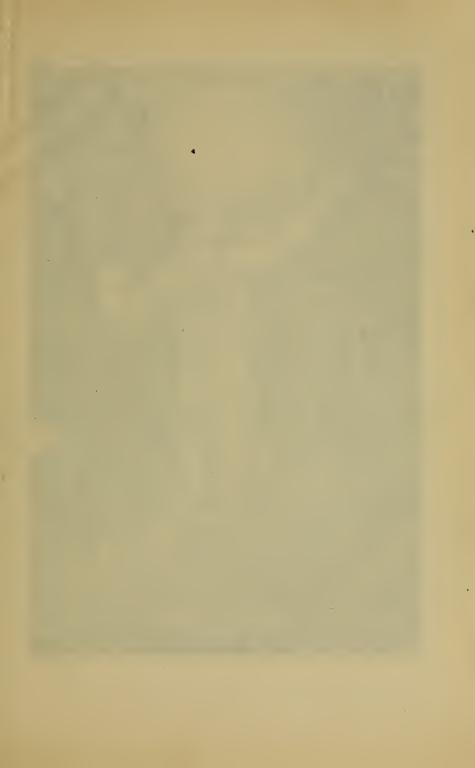
THE LYRE OF APOLLO

I



T was mid-June and the world was in flower. The delicate promise of April, when the pipes of the Faun echoed in the depths of woods faintly touched with the tenderest green, was fulfilled in a mass and ripeness of foliage which had parted with none of its freshness, but had become like a sea of moving and whispering greenness. The delicious heat of the early summer evoked a vagrant and elusive fragrance from the young grasses starred with flowers. The morning songs, which made the break of day throb with an ecstasy of melody, were caught up again and again through the

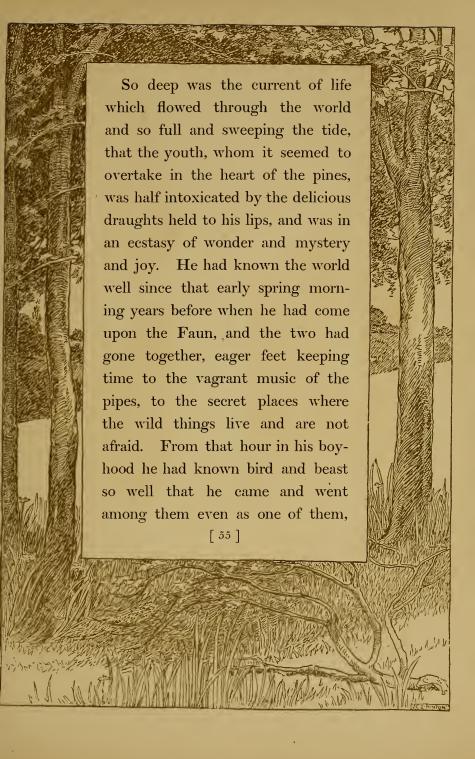
long, tranquil hours by careless happy in some hidden singers, place in the meadows or sheltered within the edges of the wood; and with these sudden bursts of hidden music, there came the cool breath of the dawn into the sultry noon. The world was folded in a dream of heat; not arid, blasting, palpitating; but caressing, vitalising, liberating. The earth, loved of the sun, was no longer coy and half afraid; she had given herself wholly, and in the glad surrender the beauty that lay hidden in her heart had clothed her like a garment. In the fulfilment of her life a sudden bliss had dissolved her passionless coldness into the life-giving warmth of universal fertility.

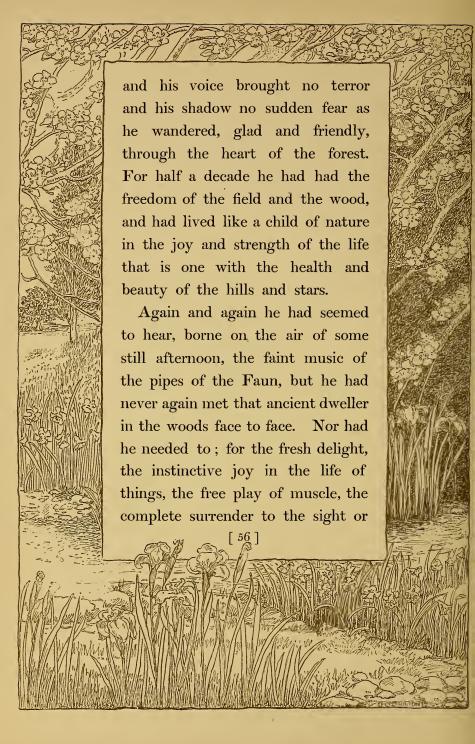


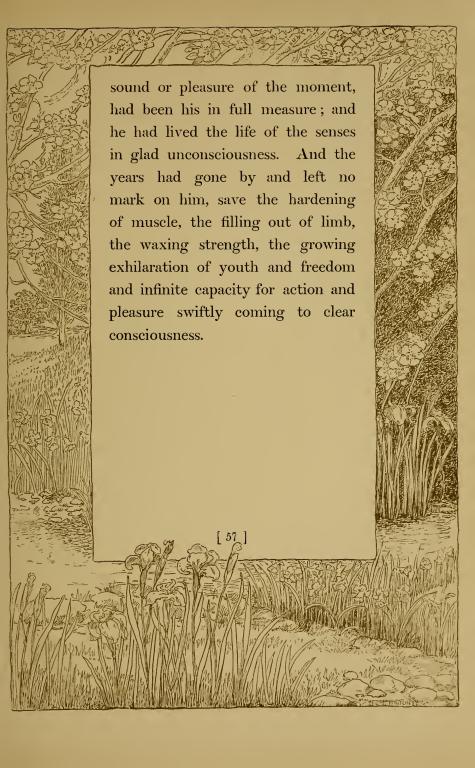
The Lyre of Apollo



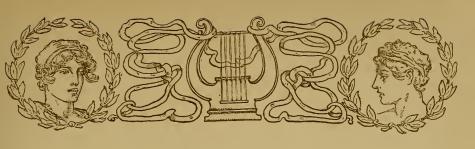






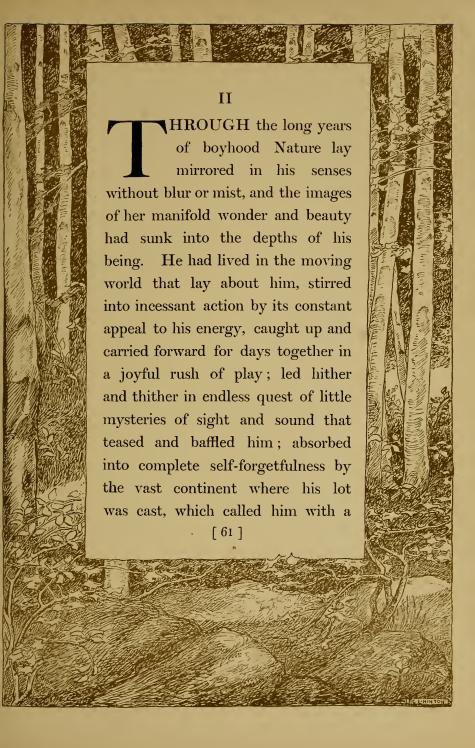


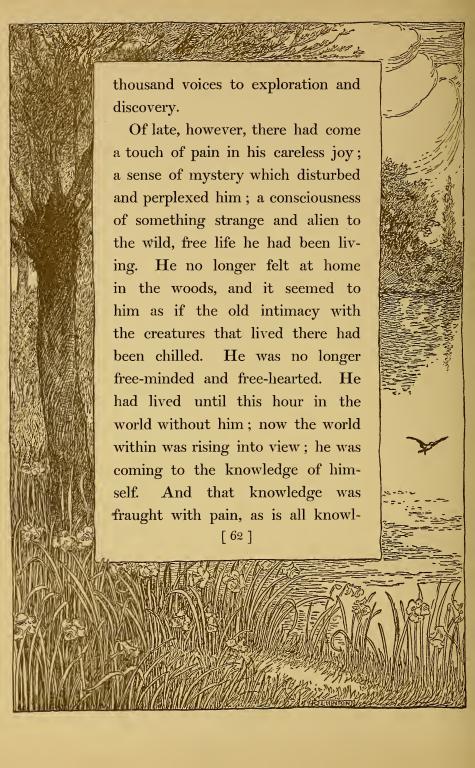


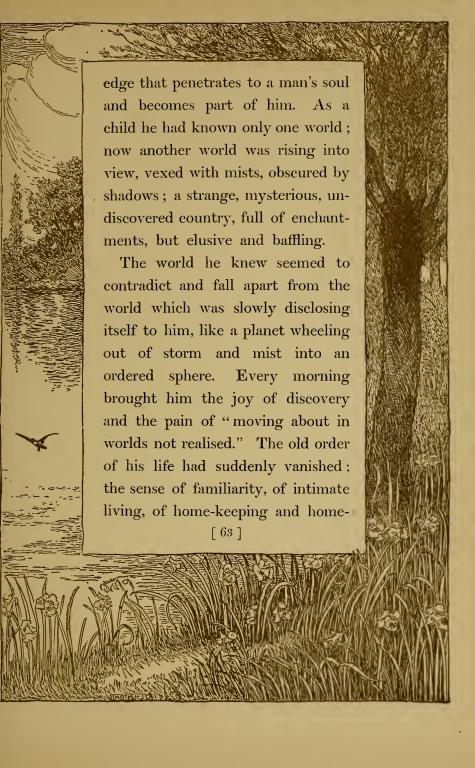


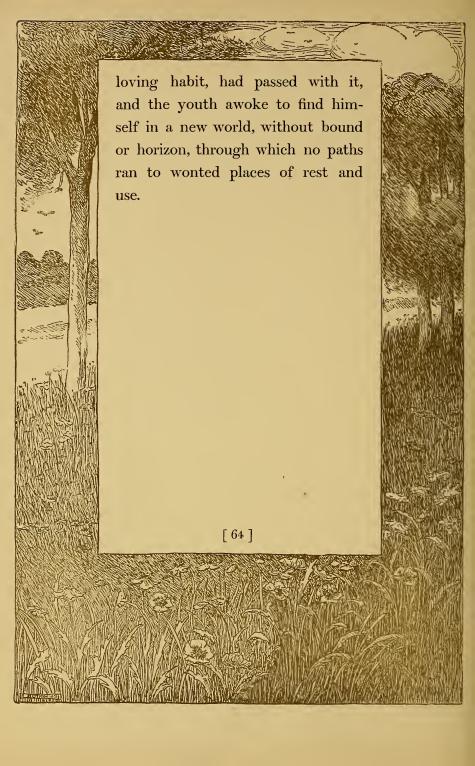
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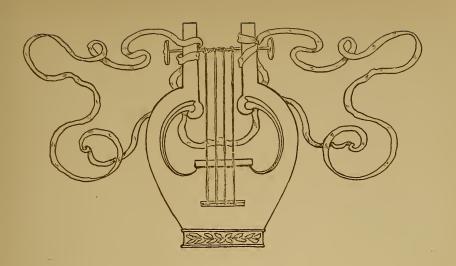












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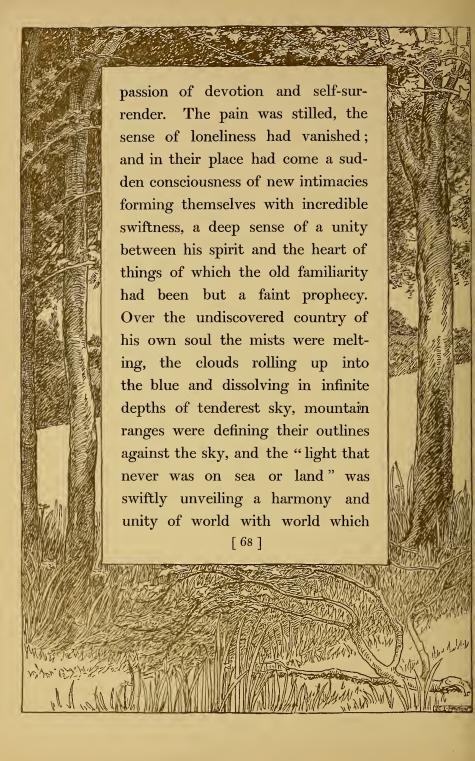


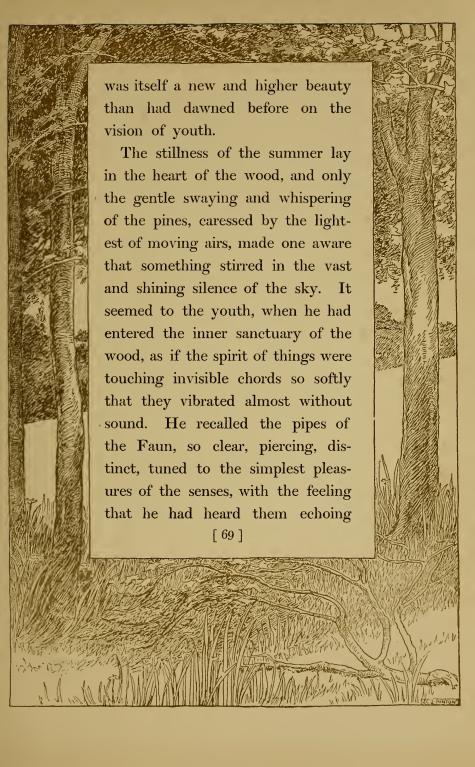


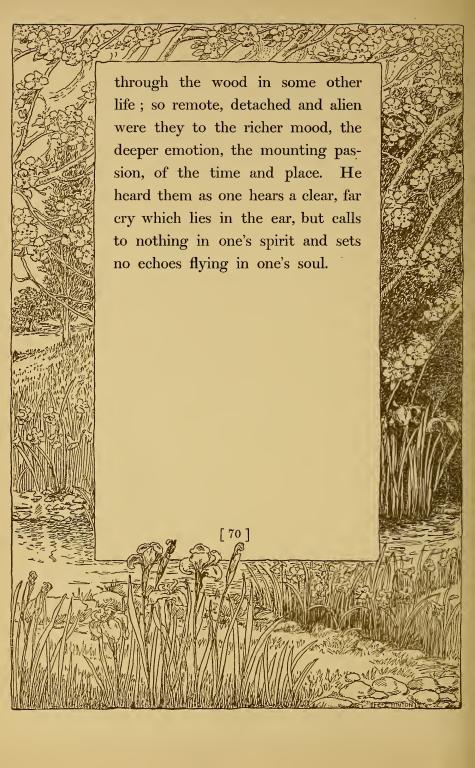
N such a mood, exhilarated and depressed, full of mounting life, but with the touch of pain on his spirit, the youth had found the murmur of the pines soothing and restful; like a cool hand laid on a hot forehead. Again and again, in these confused and perplexing months, he had fled to their silence and shade as to a retreat in the heart of old and dear things.

As he came across the fields on this radiant morning all the springs of joy were once more rising in him; the young summer touched him through every sense, and his soul rushed out to meet her in a

[67]



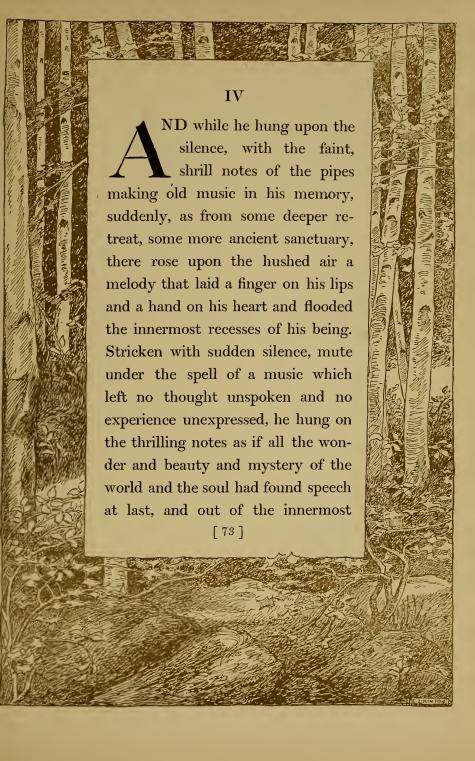


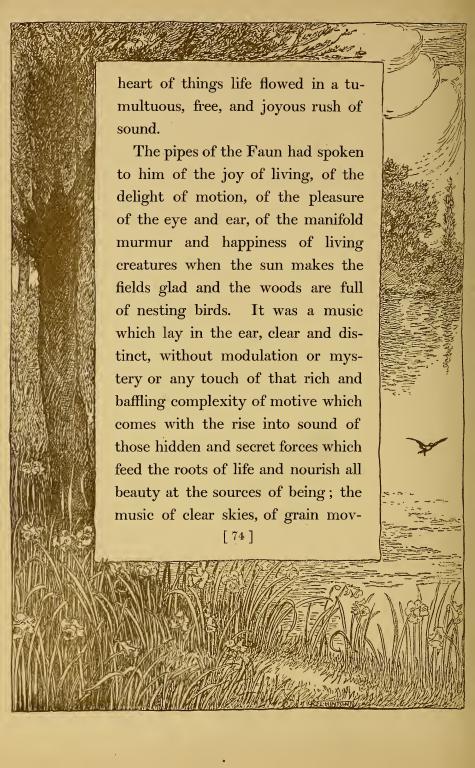


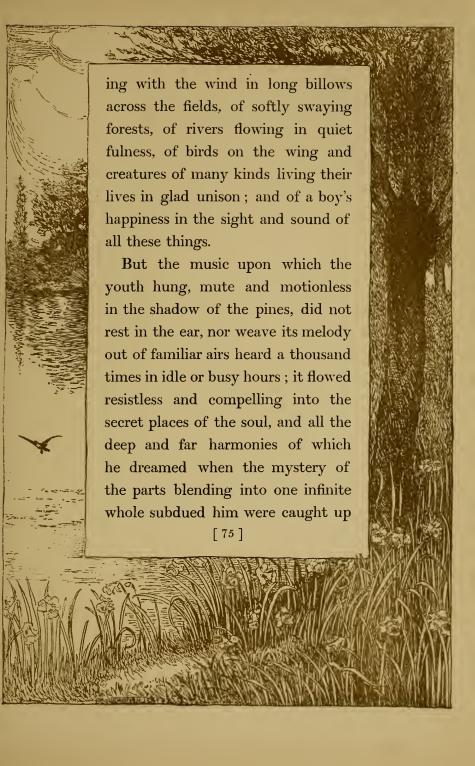


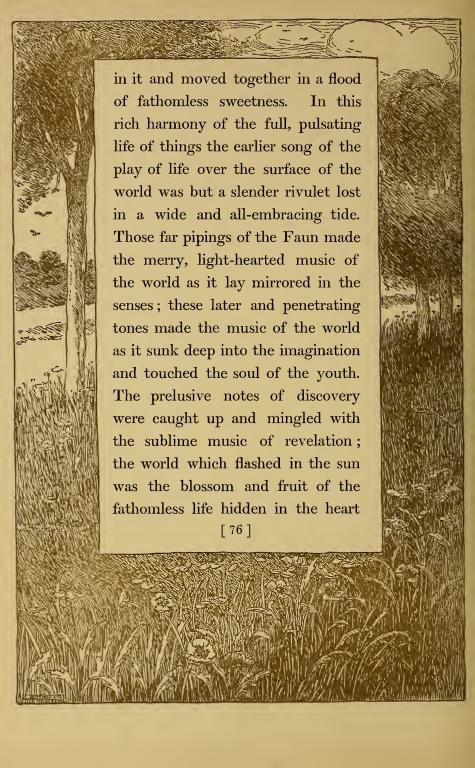
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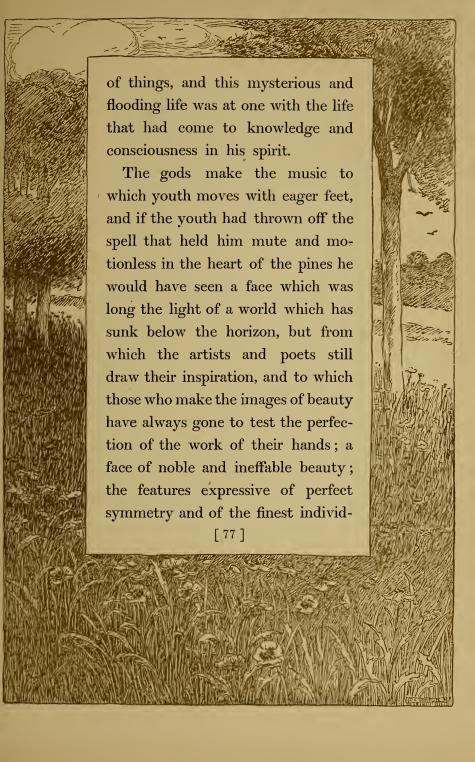


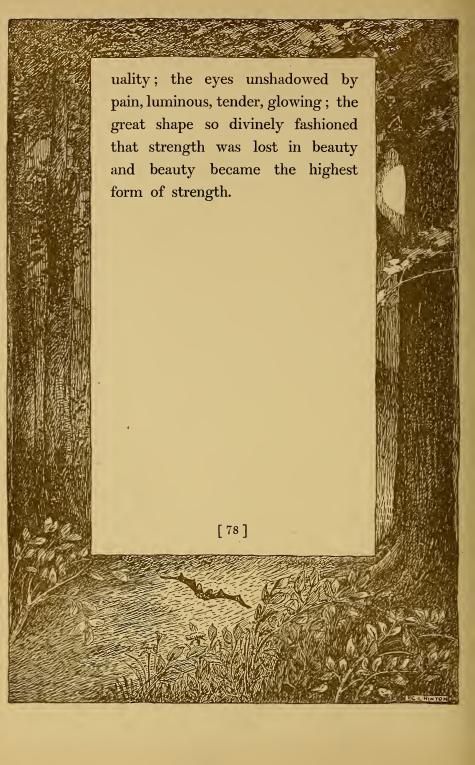








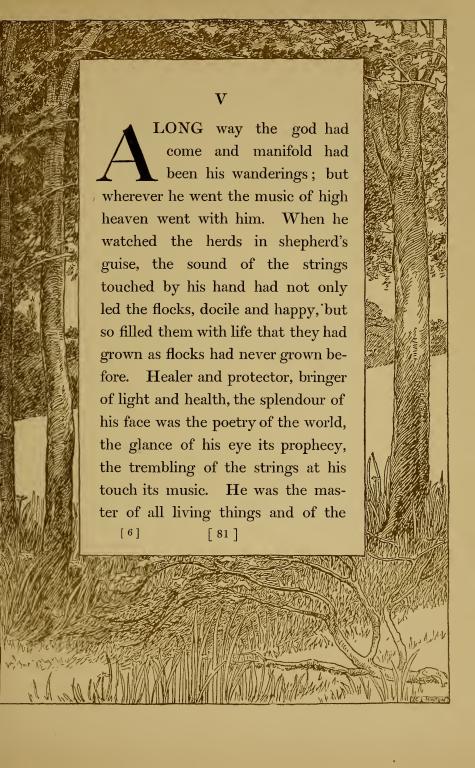


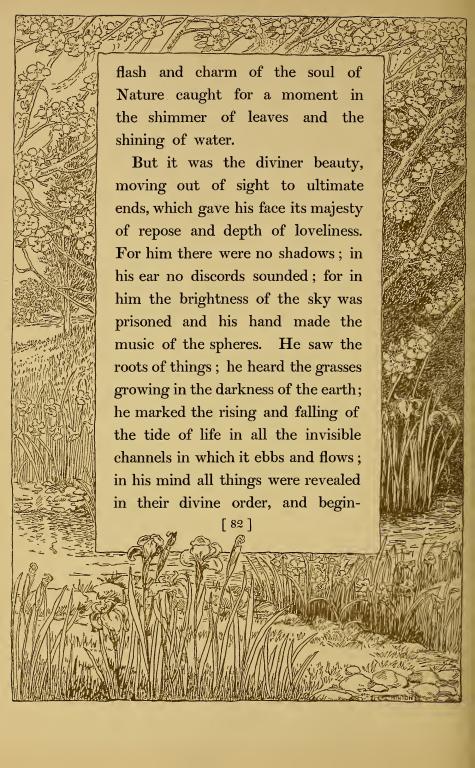


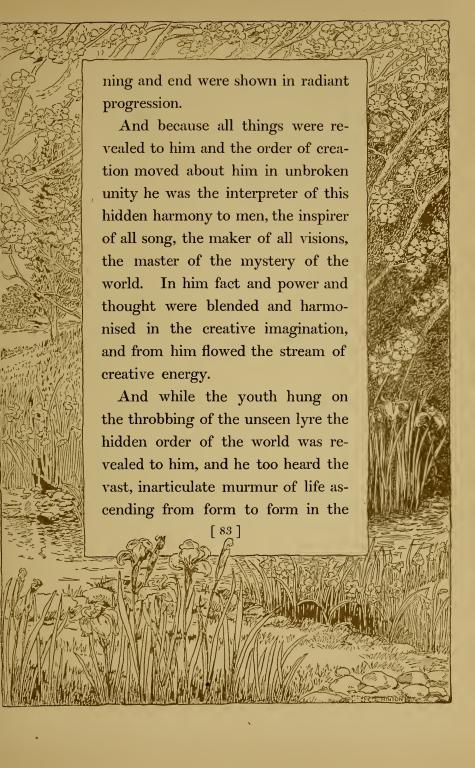


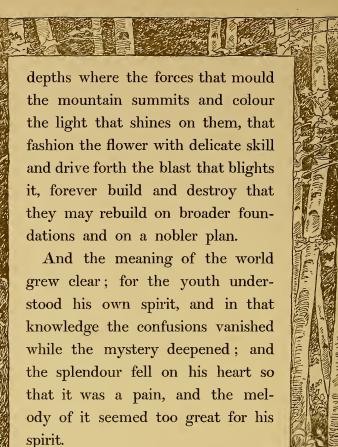
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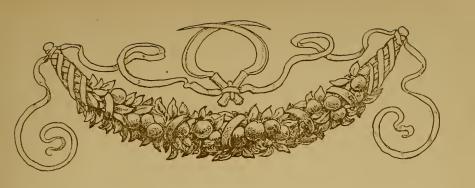












THE SICKLE OF DEMETER

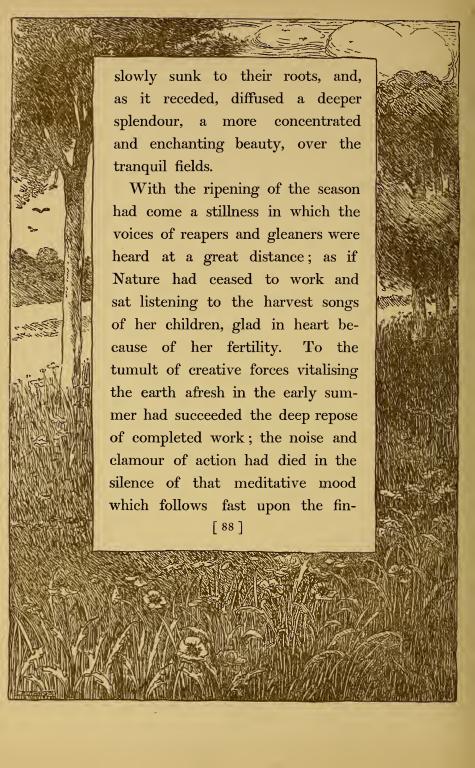
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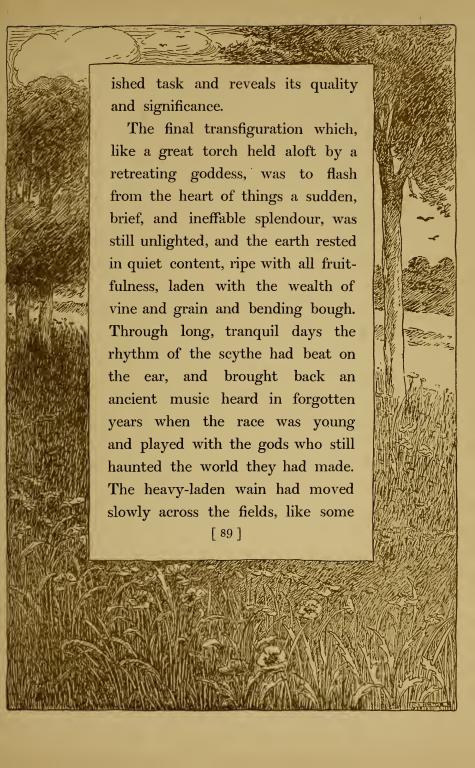


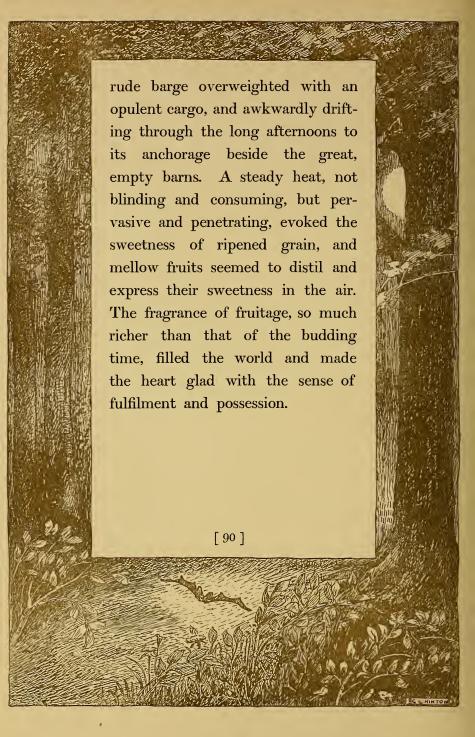
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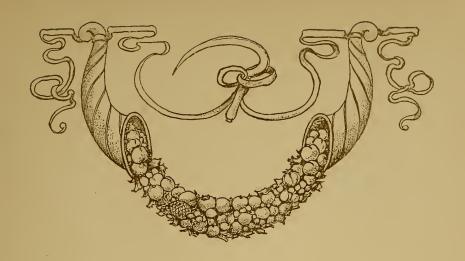
N the great, open world of farspreading fields there was a sense of repose. The tide which had fertilised all things that grow and bloom and bear fruit was beginning to ebb, though there was no sign of vanishing beauty on the face of the landscape. In the riot of midsummer, when the lust of life sometimes rose to a kind of Bacchic fury of delight, there had been no richer bloom of beauty on the surface of Nature than that which lay, half seen and half remembered, on the fields in the ripe autumn afternoon. The rich loveliness that had once spread itself like a soft veil over all things had

[87]





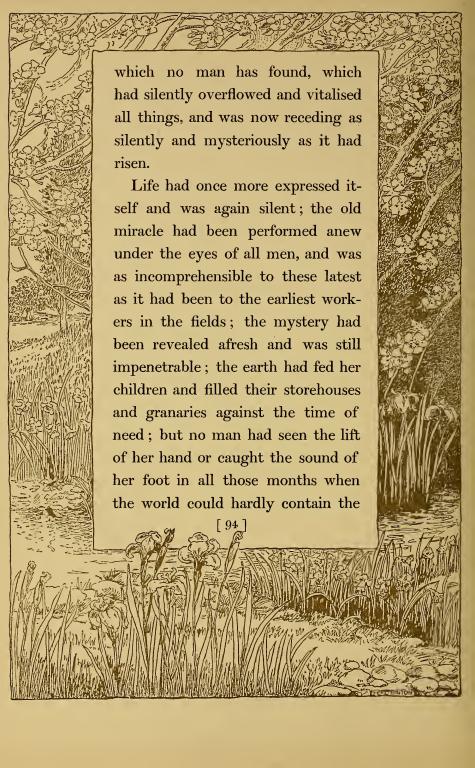


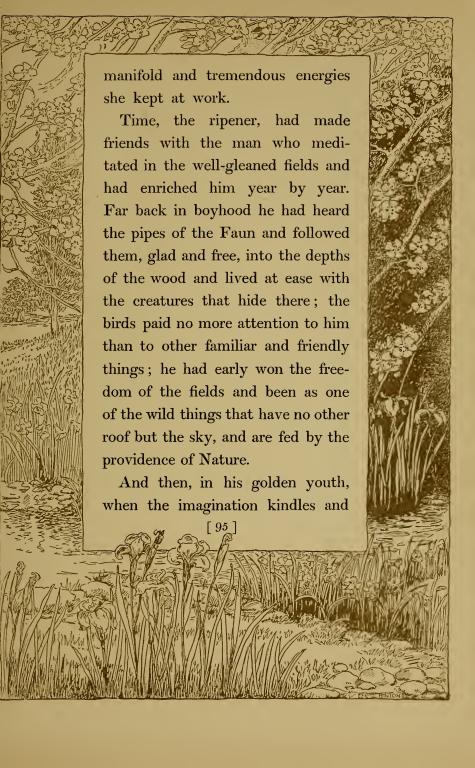


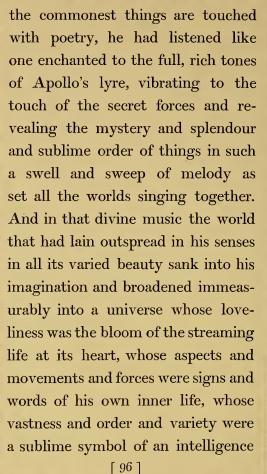
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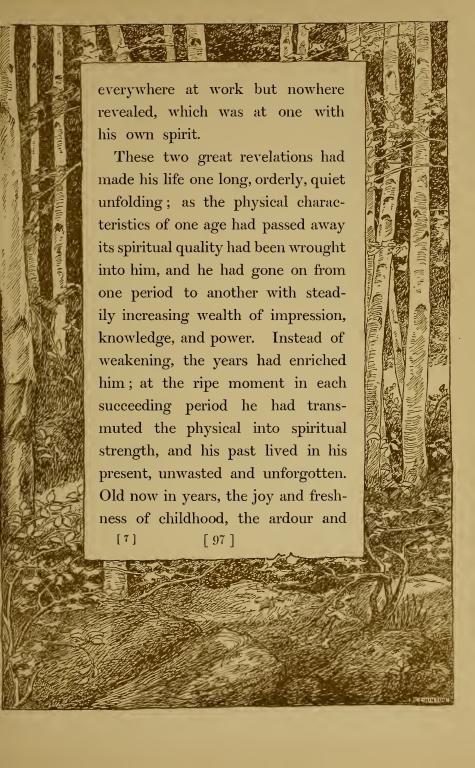


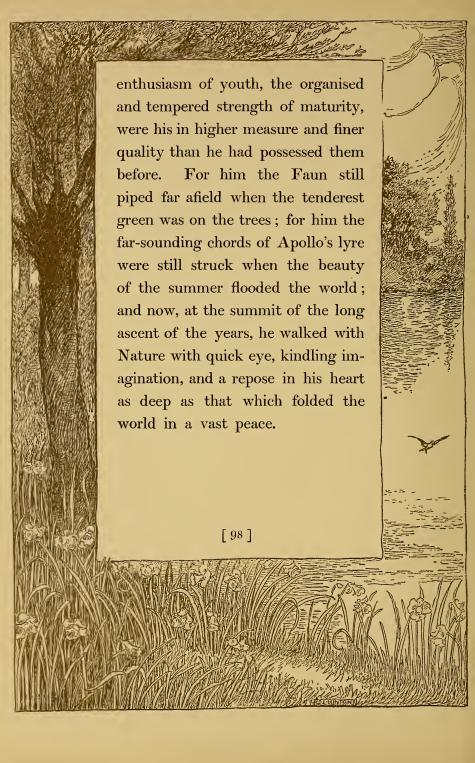
the man who came slowly across the fields the whole world smelled of the ripened summer; of all the rich juices which had mounted out of the soul in a million million spears and stalks and blades and stems; of all the potencies of form and colour and odour, hidden in the darkness, that had escaped to take shape in innumerable grasses, flowers, and shrubs with a skill surpassing the thought of man, and had breathed into them a sweetness deep as the fathomless purity of Nature; of the mysterious fountain of life at the heart of things, which so many men have sought but [93]

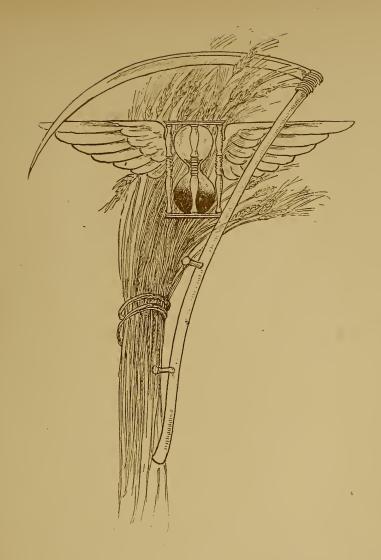








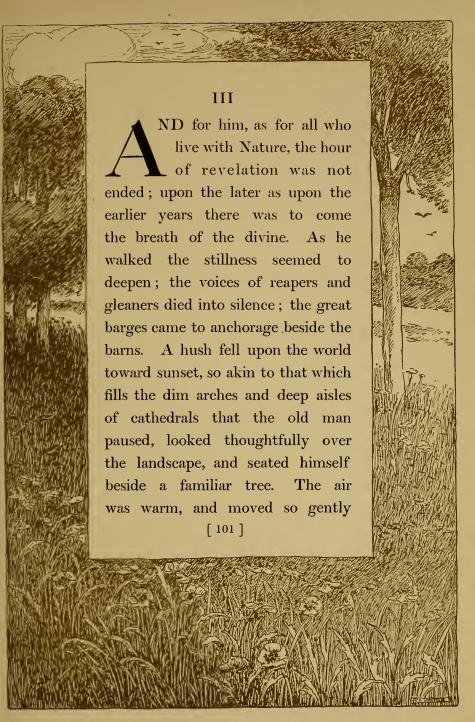


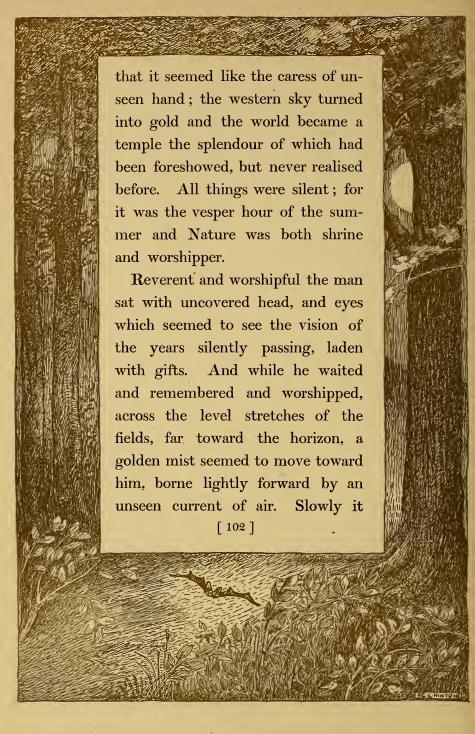


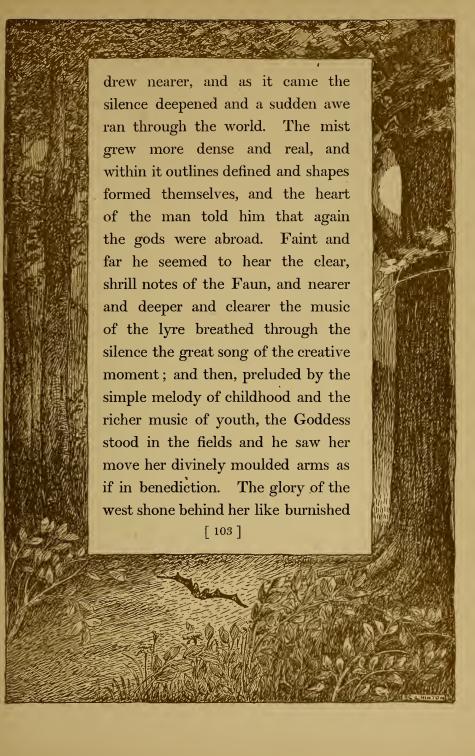
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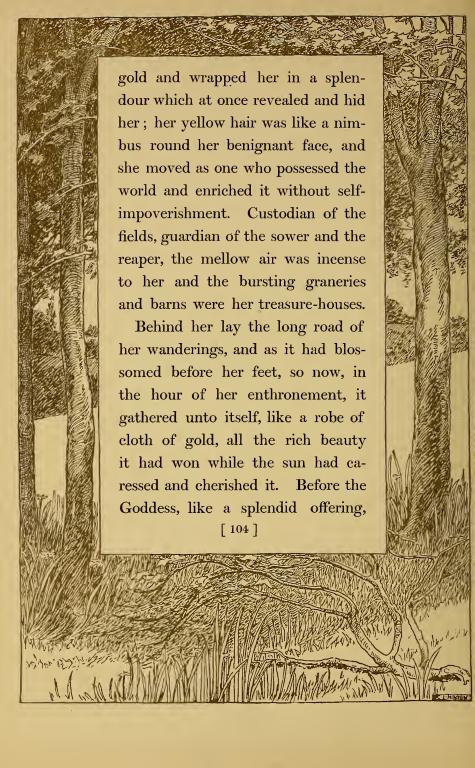
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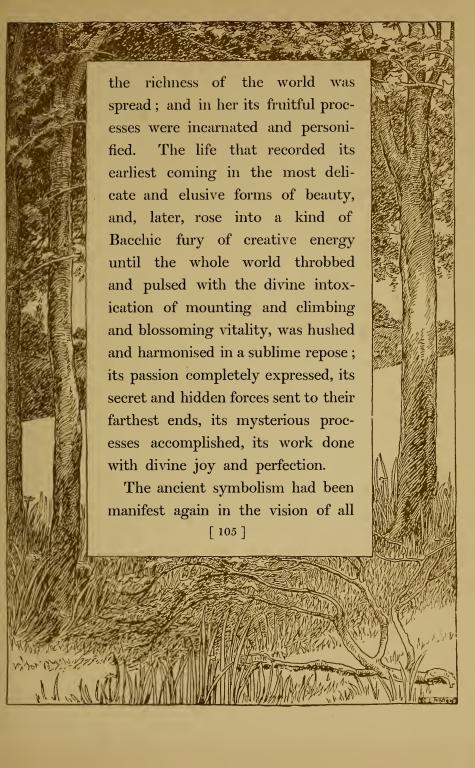


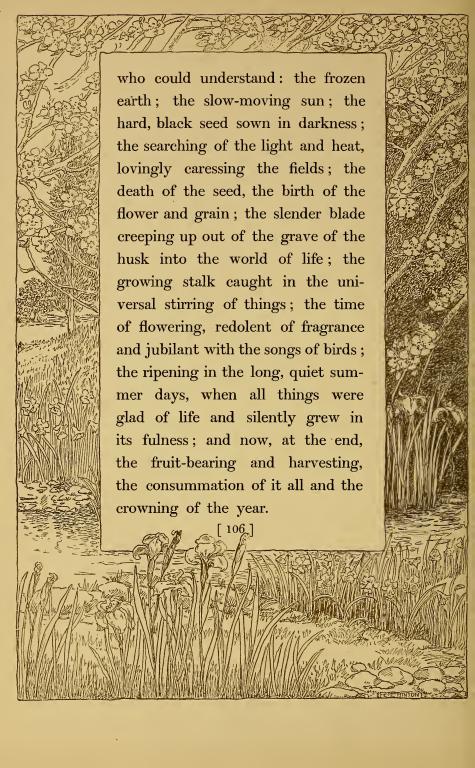














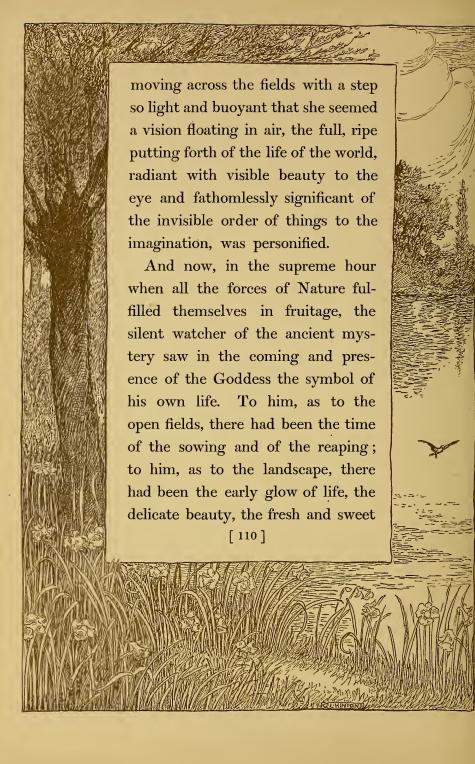
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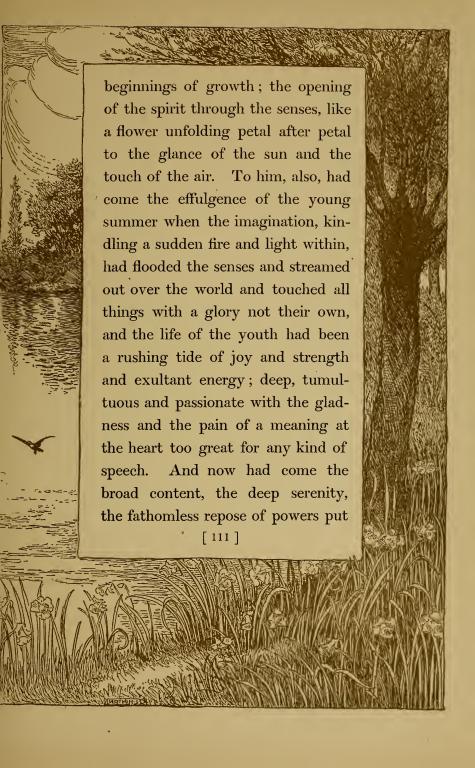


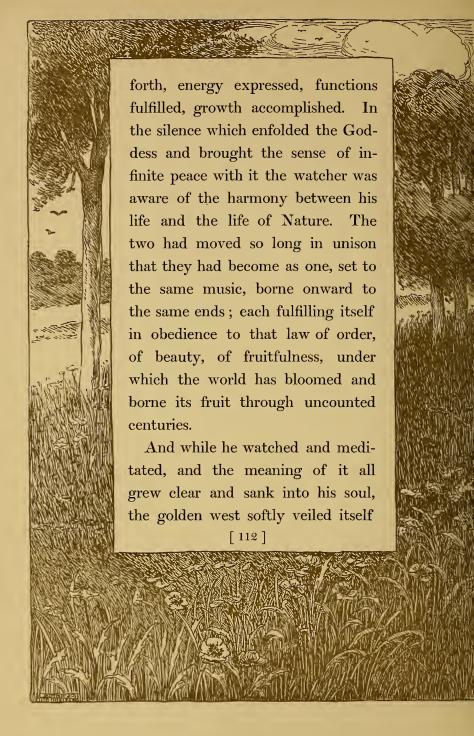


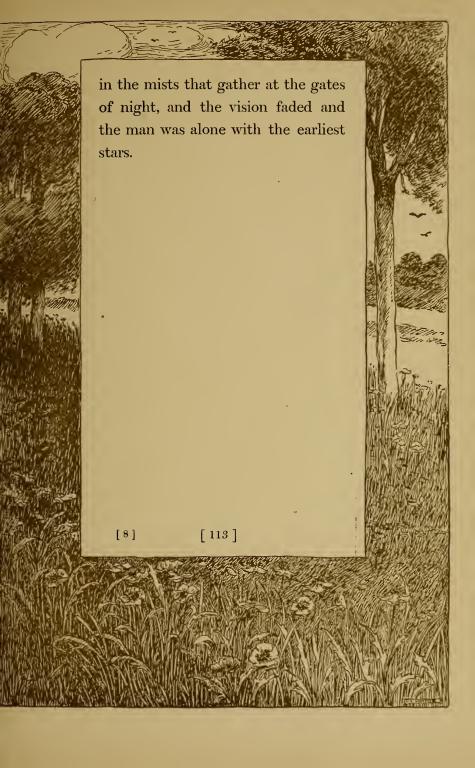
\HE Goddess, whose vellow hair was like a nimbus of sunshine about her, brought the fragrance of the early summer in her train, and crocus and hyacinth, narcissus and violet, daffodil, arbutus, and hepatica were in the air in delicate suggestion; in her coming the rose, which lies on the heart of nature, the ravishing symbol of her passion, bloomed again in all its deep-dyed loveli-With her, too, moved the rich, ardent, passionate, stirring and climbing and unfolding of midsummer, when the earth bares her heart to the sun and gives herself in a great surrender. In the Goddess,

[109]









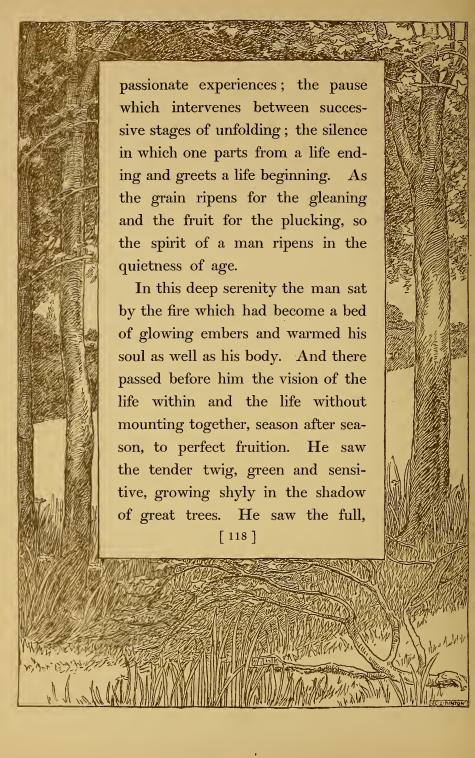


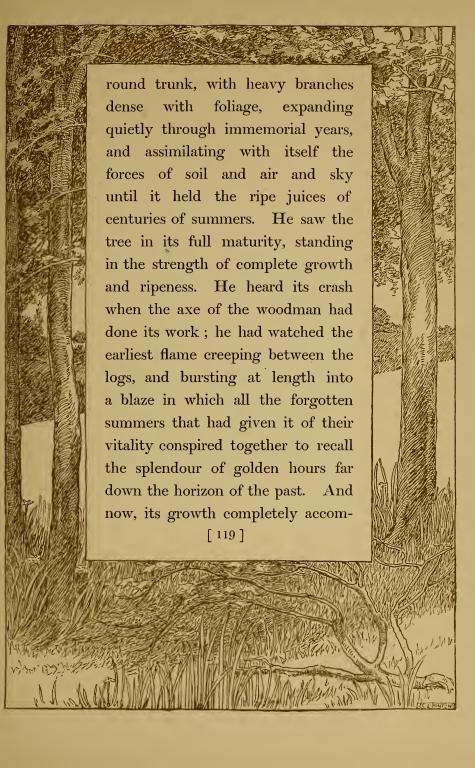


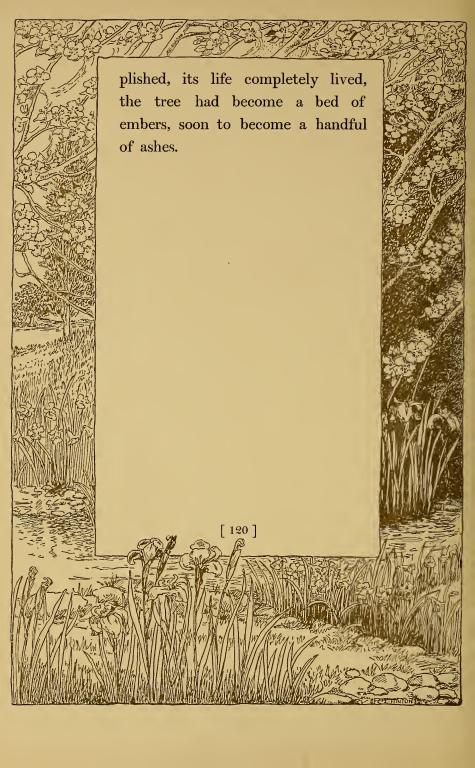
POSTLUDE

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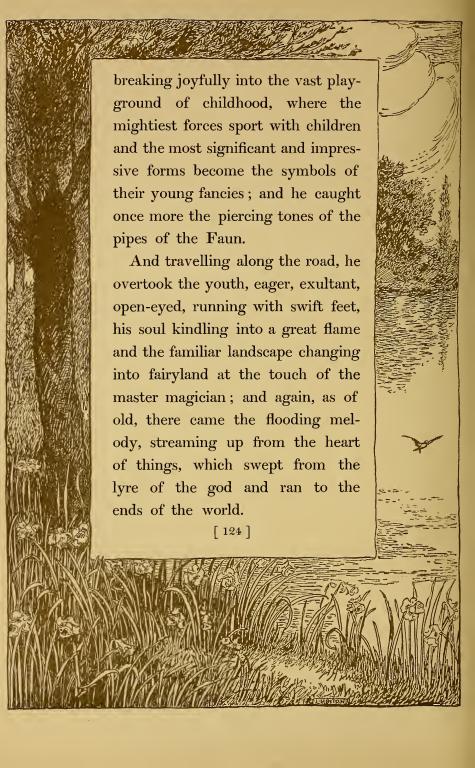
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II

HIS parable, old as the earth and new as the slenderest sapling in the woods, the old man read again with a deep and tranquil joy. There was a true kinship between him and the life going out in light and warmth at his feet, as there was between him and all things that live within the wide empire of Nature. As he sat there, with whitened locks but with the heart of youth, tranquil and expectant, the light shone on the path by which he had come and it lay before him like a road across a rolling country upon which one looks down from some friendly hill. Far off against the horizon he saw the boy,

[123]





"Without, the stillness of the winter night"





